

A CROWDED WEEK IN THE THEATRES

Jane Cowl
in
"Lilac Time"
REPUBLICHenry Miller
back in
"The Great Divide"
LYCEUMWilliam Gillette
in
"A Successful
Calamity"
BOOTHSydney
Shields
in "If"
FULTONMay Thompson
in "You're in Love"
CASINO

IN WIGS AND WINGS

Shakespeare and New York, Eaton and Dunsany,
Miss Wycherly and Yeats, and Other Notes

By HEYWOOD BROWN

EVEN SHAKESPEARE should be chewed. There are those who swallow him whole, and one member of this school scolds New York because the recent revival of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" failed. He says that this proves "New York does not, in its heart, care for Shakespeare."

We don't know about that, but it seems to us entirely possible that there are a number of persons who care for "Macbeth" or "Lear" or "Twelfth Night" or "The Merchant of Venice," who don't give a rap about "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

Why should they? The play has lost its savor. At best it was a coarse, crude, hasty, made-to-order entertainment. It is the play in which Shakespeare took on the hideous aspect of a professional lowbrow to please a special audience. No one who delights in the character of Falstaff cares much about "The Merry Wives," for the play is a gross libel on the fat knight. Falstaff of "Henry IV" is a decayed gentleman. In "The Merry Wives" he is merely decayed.

Our ambition is to be a dramatic critic like Louis Sherwin. Not only did Louis write the best review in town about "The Life of Man," but he wrote it two weeks after it was produced.

The point that our drama does develop is best illustrated, perhaps, by the fact that in "The Woman in the Case" great stress is laid upon the horrible ordeal of the heroine, who has to learn to smoke cigarettes in order to pass herself off as a bad woman, for the purpose of gathering evidence.

Water Eaton, in selecting "The Gods of the Mountain" for "The Dramatic Mirror" as the most significant play of the season, commented on the Dunsany drama as follows:

"The Gods of the Mountain" is a work of singular dramatic simplicity and force. It is a work infused with the magic of poetic speech; it is a work full of irony, touched with unique humor, and carrying a depth of appeal limited only by the intellectual capacity of the spectator. Above all, it completes, in its action, a cycle; it tells a rhythm with that sense of satisfactory finality we associate with the perfect work of art, whether play or poem or musical phrase.

That it is so utterly different from the realistic drama of the day adds to its significance, for, to me, it seems to have restored imagination to our stage. After a round of the Broadway playhouses this fall I came upon one blessed afternoon as one comes upon an oasis in the desert, or into the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Tired of Sing Sing and Forty-second Street and 'An English Country House,' it was good to be with the gods to the green peaks of Marna."

Margaret Wycherly, who is nightly hearing voices as the medium in the thrilling "13th Chair," feels every now and again the influence of one of her old central—the poetic drama of William Butler Yeats. Now that Miss Wycherly and "The 13th Chair" are settled here for a season at least there should be an instant demand from the public for a special Yeats matinee by this talented actress. Not only is the leading woman of the Veiller drama one of the best exponents of Yeats on the stage, but she has at hand another in Harrison Hunter. It would be no trouble at all for Hunter to step out of Tim Donohue, police inspector, for an afternoon, and do the "Wise Man of the Hour Glass." And the jump from Rosalie La Grange to Tugue the Fool wouldn't bother Miss Wycherly in the least.

A Yeats bill, if one can be arranged, would include the verse play, "The Land of Heart's Desire," and the three one-act prose dramas, "The Hour Glass," "Cathleen Ni Hoolihan" and "A Pot of Broth." We are sure it

will be worth the doing if only that an audience may once again hear the voice of Miss Wycherly in "Cathleen Ni Hoolihan" when she says:

"It is a hard service they take that help me. Many that are red-cheeked now will be pale-cheeked; many that have been free to walk the hills and the bogs and the rushes will be sent to walk hard streets in far countries; many a good plan will be broken; many that have gathered money will not stay to spend it; many a child will be born and there will be no father at its christening to give it a name. They that had red cheeks will have pale cheeks for my sake, and for all that they will think they are well paid."

In one of the scenes of the big spectacle play, "The Wanderer," the friends of the Prodigal Son accuse him of cheating at dice. It seemed to us strange that discovery was so long delayed. Twice he was allowed to take the money after rolling twelve.

Speaking of amateur acting and the small theatres, as somebody does every now and again, Miss Margaret Anglin remarked, after watching the Washington Square Players, that no actress in town was doing more interesting work than Miss Elinor Cox in "Trifles."

NOW ON THE BOARDS

TRAGEDY
PRINCESS....."Ception Shoals"
CRITERION....."Seremonds"

DRAMA
MANHATTAN....."The Wanderer"
48TH STREET....."The 13th Chair"
PLAYHOUSE....."The Man Who Came Back"

COMEDY
BRANDHALL....."Keeping Up Appearances"
EMPIRE....."A Kiss for Cinderella"
HUDSON....."Shirley Kaye"
RELAISCO....."The Yellow Jacket"
HARRIS....."The Harp of Life"
39TH STREET....."Old Lady 81"
COHAN....."Come Out of the Kitchen"
KNICKERBOCKER....."The Music Master"

CORT....."Upstairs and Down"
GAITY....."Turn to the Right"

FARCE
MAXINE ELLIOTT....."Great Catherine"
RANDOX....."The Lodger"
COHAN & HARRIS....."Captain Kidd, Jr."

LONGACRE....."Nothing but the Truth"
ELTING....."Cheating Cheaters"

MUSICAL
LIBERTY....."Have a Heart"
ASTOR....."Her Soldier Boy"
SHUBERT....."Love o' Mike"
CENTURY....."The Century Girl"
WINTER GARDEN....."Show of Wonders"
ELTING (Special Mats.)....."Nora Bayes"
NEW AMSTERDAM....."Miss Springtime"
HIPPODROME....."The Big Show"
ATOP NEW AMSTERDAM....."Midnight Frolic"

COCOANUT GROVE....."Dance and Grow Thin"
YORKVILLE....."Sadie vom Riverside Drive"

"The People" Coming
"The People," a preparedness pageant by Marion Crighton, who wrote "The Greatest Nation," is announced to be about to go into rehearsal. It will be shown somewhere in town during the week of Washington's Birthday.

Mary Pickford Leaving Us
Mary Pickford will leave for San Francisco next Wednesday. She has just completed "The Poor Little Rich Girl" and will start work on "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" just as soon as she reaches the Coast.

Burton Holmes on Germany
Burton Holmes's topic at Carnegie Hall to-night and to-morrow afternoon will be "The German Fatherland."

Another Busy Week Ahead

This week's record of six or seven or eight new plays will be equalled during the week of the 12th. Already announced for that week are "The Morris Dance," at the Little Theatre; "Johnny Get Your Gun," at the Criterion; "Oh, Boy," at the Princess; a new programme at the Comedy, the second edition of "The Show of Wonders," at the Winter Garden, and "The Honor System" (film) at the Lyric—to say nothing of the customary French and German pieces. All of which means that "Seremonds," "A Daughter of the Gods" and the present Washington Square bill are about to depart, and that "Ception Shoals" must find another theatre if it wishes to remain.

Adolf Philipp Still At It

The busy Adolf Philipp, now playing his trade at the Yorkville, has written another musical production called "Our Heroes"—in fact, it was produced yesterday afternoon. It is a patriotic piece in which German war films figure extensively. When going to the Yorkville it might be well to pack a sandwich in the knapsack, for the announcement has it that: "Although this unique entertainment lasts at least two hours, the management has decided not to take off the musical success, 'Sadie vom Riverside Drive,' which will be given nightly in addition to 'Our Heroes.'"

Ruth Draper in Pantomime

Ruth Draper will make her appearance at the Comedy on Tuesday afternoon in two pantomime offerings and one known as "solo play." She will give Strindberg's "The Stronger," which is played by two women, only one of whom speaks; "An Old Story," written by Miss Draper, and "The Actress," also Miss Draper's.

Hedwig Reicher To-night

Hedwig Reicher will give the second of a series of four dramatic recitals to-night, when she will read, among other offerings, "The Postoffice," Tagore's two-act play, and "Madonna Dancora," a one-act drama by Hugo von Hofmannsthal.

Eaton on American Drama

Walter Prichard Eaton will talk at the Comedy Theatre this afternoon at 4 on "American Drama Since Clyde Fitch." The lecture is for Washington Square subscribers only.

IN VAUDEVILLE

PALACE—Danie in "The Garden of Panchinello," by Kendall Banning and Charles Harvey, staged by Herbert Brenon; Jack Norworth, Emily Ann Wellman in "Young Mrs. Standford"; Clark and Hamilton, Willie Weston, Bert and Betty Wheeler, Asahi Troupe, "Patria."

COLONIAL—Joseph Howard and Ethelwyn Clark, Mme. Dorée, Marshall Montgomery, Lydell and Higgins.
RIVERSIDE—Brice and King, Adelaide and Hughes, Ellis and Borden, Marie Nordstrom, Stuart Barnes.
ALHAMBRA—Mack and Walker, Wilfred Clark and Company.
ROYAL—Belle Baker, "Motor Boating," "The Highwayman."

BROOKLYN DRAMA

MAJESTIC—"Getting Married," with William Faversham and Henrietta Crossman.
MONTAUK—"Watch Your Step."
TELLER'S SHUBERT—"Pollyanna."

BUSHWICK—Eva Tangway, Charles Akern, troupe, Moon and Morris.
ORPHEUM—Rock and White, Chic Sale, Clark and Bergman.

THE WEEK STANDS

STANDARD—"Treasure Island."
BRONX OPERA HOUSE—"Good Gracious Annabelle."

LEXINGTON—"The Millionaire's Son and the Shop Girl."
COLUMBIA—"New Ben Ton Girls."

The Week's Grist

"A SUCCESSFUL CALAMITY," to-morrow evening at the Booth. It is many a year since William Gillette has appeared here in a new play, it having been his custom merely to revive "Secret Service" and "Sherlock Holmes" whenever he felt that art was calling him. Now, however, we have him not only in a new play, but in a comedy. Mr. Gillette, to be sure, has appeared in comedies before, but not within the memory of the recent theatregoer.

The piece is by Clare Kummer, whose first play, "Good Gracious Annabelle," ended its run at the Republic only last night. In Mr. Gillette's support will be Estelle Winwood, Richard Sterling, Roland Young, Richard Harbee, William Devereux, Charles Lane, Claus Bogel, Katherine Alexander, Mlle. Marcelle, Manart Kippen and Ruth Findlay.

"CANARY COTTAGE" to-morrow evening at the Morosco Theatre. And still they come. Oliver Morosco, who came out of the West to become one of the most active producers in the East, finally is the possessor of a New York theatre. This house, built in Forty-fifth Street by Lee Shubert, has been rented by Mr. Morosco for a long term of years and will bear his name. The theatre is on the north side of the street, just a few hundred feet west of Broadway.

"Canary Cottage," the first arrival at the new playhouse, is the work of the trio responsible for "So Long Letty"—Earl Carroll, Elmer Harris and Mr. Morosco himself. Like the first piece, it is a musical farce; also like the first, it has been hugely successful in the West. The cast will bring back several old favorites, notably the ample Trixie Friganza and Herbert Corthell. There are also Charles Ruggles, late of "Rolling Stones"; Dorothy Webb, Renée Davies, Hugh Cameron, Carl McCullough and others.

"FIL A LA PATTE," to-morrow evening, at the Garrick. Georges Renavent and Yvonne Merval will have the leading roles in this week's French production, which is a comedy by Georges Feydeau.

"LILAC TIME," Tuesday evening at the Republic. Jane Cowl, who never has been suspected of harboring ambitions other than historic, blossoms forth as a playwright—a collaborator, at least—in this production. The other author is Mrs. Jane Murlin, also a newcomer as a playwright. The piece is a war drama, with scenes laid in a village in France.

In the supporting cast will be Orme Caldara, Henry Stephenson, Felix Krembs, Cecil Yapp, Charles Hampden, Michelelette Burani, Emile Detramont, Lawrence Grant, Harry Hanlon, Charles Esdale, W. Mayne Lynton, Cecil Owen and Henry Crocker.

"YOU'RE IN LOVE," Tuesday evening at the Casino. The familiar hyphenated combination, Hauerbach-Friml, is responsible for this piece, with Edward Clark, author of "Coat Tales," thrown in for good measure. Other musical comedies by Hauerbach-Friml have been "The Firefly," "High Jinks" and "Katinka."

The principals will include Al Roberts, Florine Arnold, Laurence Wheat, Barbara Valdini, Harry Clarke, Jack Raffael, Albert Pellaton and Cunningham and Clements.

"THE GREAT DIVIDE," Wednesday evening, at the Lyceum. The role of Stephen Ghent is linked with the name of Henry Miller almost as inseparably as that of Herr von Barwig with David Warfield. Mr. Miller has appeared in "The Great Divide," his greatest success, nearly one thousand times, and the piece will now be revived for a brief season.

Both Kathlene MacDonell and Laura Hope Crews have rehearsed Margaret Anglin's role in the last month, but it will be Gladys Hanson who will have the part when the curtain goes up on Wednesday. Others present will be Lizzie Hudson Collier, Alice Lindahl, Byron Reasley, Charles Gotthold, James Galloway, Harry E. McKee, Arhold Wilbur, Leon Roberts, James Hagan, Gordon Morris, Robert B. Kegerris and John Lockett.

"IF," Wednesday evening at the Fulton. This scantily titled piece is a preparedness drama by Mark Swan, designed to show the perils to which we are exposed from the Japanese. Many of the terrors of an invasion are said to be revealed, although the announcement carries the puzzling statement that the play is "by no means a war play." Holbrook Blinn has directed the production, but will not appear in it.

The cast will include George Probert, Forrest Robinson, Charles Mackay, Bert Lytell, Ben Johnson, Taylor Graves, Reggie Sheffield, Allie Williams, Ruth Benson, Sydney Shields and a dozen others.

"KAMERADEN" Wednesday evening at the Irving Place (German). This drama of Strindberg's will also be the programme on Thursday and Saturday evenings, and "Kameradent" will be played on Monday and Friday evenings and Saturday matinee.

P. T. BARNUM PLEASE WRITE

By GEORGE S. KAUFMAN

INASMUCH as one of the divers branch offices of Theatrics in this city is likely to be enriched at any moment by the addition of young Miss Louise Sachen, who came here with reasonable directness from Alaska, it becomes more or less fitting to close the books on still another theatrical press yarn. This one differs from the rest in that it was not planned from the beginning with the stage as its goal. Samuel H. MacFarlane, press agent of the Hotel McAlpin, stumbled on the idea and sent it forth as a routine paragraph—its immediate mission was merely to get the name of the hotel into print. When column followed column in the newspapers, however, Miss Sachen and her adviser decided that they would be foolish not to extract such personal benefit as they could. And so we have the present theatrical negotiations, the results of which are yet to be announced.

Whatever the value of incidental publicity—by which is meant publicity which calls apparently accidental attention to the existence of a certain

attraction, without discussing its merits—theatrical men have spent thousands of dollars and laid elaborate plans to ensnare it. The lengths to which they sometimes go, in fact, are such that skeptical city editors, who pass judgment on hundreds of worthless stories in a week, are not infrequently deceived just as completely as is the general public. Every one has learned to distrust theatrical jewel robberies, of course, although it is not impossible to serve even these in a way that makes them appear authentic. Tenors found on ice wagons and sopranos unearthed in sweatshops; safe robberies, hold-ups and disappearances—one and all are the work of the fertile press agent.

One of the most celebrated safe robberies in the last half dozen years—the watchman was found gagged, bound and chloroformed and thousands of dollars were supposed to have been stolen—was a fake. Those concerned in this story remain anonymous in this yarn at the earnest insistence of the press agent, who fears trouble with the police if they ever are apprised of the facts. One other

story must also be put forward with a vital fact withheld—with these exceptions there is no longer anything to conceal. Many of the episodes here chronicled are stage history.

One of the most expensive, deliberate plans was engineered half a dozen years ago by Percy Heath, who now handles matters for the Dillingfield Coconut Grove. "The Million," a farce produced by Henry W. Savage, was booked for a run in Boston. A week before the opening a man arrived at Boston's most fashionable hotel, asked for the most expensive suite in the house, tipped the bellboy lavishly and ordered dinner sent to his room. The dinner check was \$40 or \$50—enough to attract the attention of the management.

On the following morning the man called on the Mayor of Boston. He explained that he had been born in Boston, had gone West at an early age, and there became interested in mining properties. He had made \$8,000,000. Having neither friends nor relatives, he was desirous of using his money to help the people of Boston. He did not, however, believe in organized charities. He had a plan of his own for the distribution of the money, and he had called to obtain the Mayor's permission to put it into practice. In short, he wanted to give the money away. It was his belief that the man in the street probably needed it, and it was his plan literally to throw it away.

Permission was refused, of course, on the ground that riots would be the least thing that might be expected to follow. But the visit served its mission, for reporters learned of it and called at the hotel to see this man who wished to give money away. They found him in the middle of another dinner—the check for this one was nearly \$60. Everything about the apartment suggested money. The visitor repeated his conversation with the Mayor, expressed his regret that he had been refused permission, and hinted that he was not willing to let the matter rest there. It was a good story, and the papers went to it properly.

The next afternoon the man went out to Harvard, where a football game was in progress. He waited at the exits in an automobile, and when the people began to come out he threw a handful of pennies into the crowd. There was a scramble for them. He followed this with a handful of nickels, and then a double handful of dimes. The scramble turned into a riot, but before it could become serious the millionaire to move on. Every one, of course, knew who he was. He had begun his work. It made another good story for the papers.

On the following morning he drove down a crowded street and suddenly began to toss quarters into the air. The next day he repeated the incident, using half dollars. By this time he was the talk of the city. The newspapers devoted columns to him. The next day was a Saturday, and every paper carried a neat advertisement signed by the mysterious visitor. It stated that he had rented a building in the downtown district, and that on the following afternoon at 3 o'clock he would stand on the roof of the building and throw away money. He would throw away nothing smaller than \$1 bills.

Most of Boston, needless to say, was in the vicinity of that building at 3 o'clock on Sunday afternoon. The adjacent streets were solid with humanity. Promptly at 3 o'clock the figure of a man appeared on the roof of the building, and immediately dozens of huge bundles of green things were hurled overboard. Almost immediately the man was informed by the police

that he would not be permitted to continue. In the street there was a tremendous scramble for the green things. Some of those who got them found that they had \$1 bills, for there had been about eighty in the bundles thrown down. The remainder found themselves in possession of neat green slips the size of a bill, which called their attention to the fact that "The Million" would open in Boston the following evening.

Not the least interesting part of this story is that Mr. Heath encountered the once mysterious millionaire on Broadway the other day, and that he—the mysterious one, of course—tried to borrow a dollar.

E. A. Weil, now conspiring to keep the Longacre and William Collier in the limelight, planned and executed a hardly less elaborate scheme. The woman in the case has since become the wife of a well known man, which is the reason why Mr. Weil declines to yield her name. While appearing on Broadway in a musical show she received a series of fervent notes, which began by requesting a photograph and then asked for an appointment. The actress sent the photograph, but denied the appointment.

Several letters followed the refusal of the appointment, and in these the man protested his undying affection and hinted that the present condition of affairs could not long be tolerated. None of these letters was answered. A few days later a man boarded the Fall River boat at New York, acquired a stateroom and wrote two letters. One was to his mother, the other to the actress. He left the letters, his suitcase and his hat in the stateroom, locked the door and walked off the boat. In the morning, when he failed to respond, the door was broken open. It was quite evidently a case of suicide. The Associated Press picked up the story and sent it across the country. The name of the actress and the attraction appeared in hundreds of newspapers, and gradually the case was forgotten. It is here "cleared up" for the first time.

When seen by reporters the actress was able to play her part perfectly, for the simple reason that she had not been let in on the scheme. Probably she believes it genuine to this day. The letters, of course, were written by the press agent. He had several confederates—a hotel clerk, who received the man's mail; the man who went down to the boat and a woman who posed as the dead man's mother.

The case of Jue Quon Tai is quite recent. She arrived at the Hotel Astor last fall and demanded the royal suite. A room clerk, duly posted, telephoned to the newspapers. He didn't know anything about her, he said, but it looked to him as though there might be a story in her. They could do as they pleased about it. The result: Thirty-five reporters and photographers at the hotel to see Miss Jue Quon Tai. She told them her story. She was a Chinese princess and she had run away from home because her father, a proud Manchew, wanted her to marry a certain prince. She had come over to study American womanhood, she said, and several thousand other words to that effect. They were good words. They were written for her by Walter J. Kingsley, press agent for the Keith vaudeville interests and nearly everything else. Subsequently Miss Tai made her appearance at the Palace, and she is making the vaudeville rounds to-day. The nearest that she ever came to China, incidentally, is the Celestial quarter of San Francisco.

It was Mr. Kingsley also who engineered the disappearance of Leopold Godowsky not long ago. It was expected at the time that the pianist would consider a vaudeville offer, but the plan fell through. It was Mr. Kingsley who persuaded the Morgan dancers to dance in the snow at Central Park, thus sliding numerous large group photographs into the newspapers before the announcement was made that they were about to appear at the Palace. It was Mr. Kingsley who established a high tension electricity room at the Palace, where performers were supposed to bathe themselves in high voltage electricity and thus become fully "pepped" for the performance. This little venture, incidentally, cost \$1,500.

It was Mr. Kingsley, together with Harry D. Kline, now of the Globe, who tied up the Great Lakes wireless service ten years ago for the sake of a press story. The scene was Cleveland, where Madge Carr Cooke, mother of Eleanor Robson Belmont, was appearing in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." One of the main wireless stations was immediately in the rear of the theatre. Mr. Kline announced that Mrs. Cooke had a peculiarly sensitive mind, which registered the dots and dashes sent out by the wireless and thus made it impossible for her to perform. He accordingly obtained an injunction which prohibited the station from operating during the hours of Mrs. Cooke's performances.

A few years later Mr. Kline saw one of his most elaborate plans go wrong at the final moment. He was then with the late Folies Bergeres, and Minerva Coverdale was a prominent member of the company. Mr. Kline gave her a certified check for \$1,000, accompanied by a set of instructions. Miss Coverdale was driven in a taxi-cab to a department store, where she offered the check in payment for a wrap. It was refused. Returning to the taxi, she offered the check to the chauffeur, explaining that she had no other money. She was accordingly driven to the nearest police station.

All of this was part of the plan. The taxi chauffeur was acting under instructions, and the man on the desk at the police station had agreed to help. All that he was supposed to do was to have Miss Coverdale locked up. At 3 o'clock her mother was to come dashing up to the station, bringing the money for the taxi fare and explaining frantically that her daughter had only half an hour before certain time. Unfortunately, Mr. Kline's desk man was called out of the room just before Miss Coverdale arrived, and a substitute was enthroned. Touched by Miss Coverdale's obvious distress, this man paid the chauffeur out of his own pocket and freed the culprit.

A. Toren Worm's celebrated tankard idea was a simple thing, and perhaps its very simplicity has had much to do with its being celebrated. Mr. Worm, now general press agent for the Shuberts, was then handling the affairs of Mrs. Pat Campbell, playing in repertory at Oscar Hammerstein's Metropolitan Theatre. Mr. Worm gave it out that Mrs. Campbell, accustomed to London quiet, found New York fearfully noisy. The rumbling of the wagons and cars on Forty-second Street annoyed her particularly, and she was presenting some very important papers and really couldn't stand it. So Mr. Worm caused several loads of tankard to be spread across Forty-second Street in front of the theatre, to deaden the noise of passing vehicles. True, the Street Cleaning Department came around next day and removed it, but the damage was done.

It was either Eddie Corbett or the renowned Glenmore Davis who was responsible for Luna Park's escaped elephant a number of years ago. At all events, the p. a. conceived the idea that an elephant ought to escape from Luna Park. Accordingly one was turned loose one night, and the newspapers were duly informed that he had been last seen roaming the beach. Meanwhile, the press agent hired a good sea-going scow and towed the elephant across to Staten Island. In the morning he was found there. This episode considerably enriched the annals of natural history, for it was obvious to every one that the elephant had swum from Coney Island to Staten Island, which same is approximately three miles.

Roaming of animals, it was Joseph C. Drum, now a Corey & Riter slave, who was responsible for the escape of a dozen monkeys in the middle of Brooklyn Bridge one day. Mr. Drum, then battling for the Bostock folk, of Luna, packed the monkeys into a crate and

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